

WOMAN'S WAYS WANTS AND WHIMS

Child Among Lilies.

The lilies stood up straight and tall,
And while they shone against the sun,
The child was very round and small,
A rosy, dimpled little one.

She called the lilies by their names—
Agnes and Blanche and Dorothy—
And thought them proud and stately
dames;
And yet, she said, they play with me.

So many, many lilies there,
And just one baby, only one,
With sweet blue eyes and silken hair,
That rippled red gold in the sun.

No mother had this little maid;
Her mother watched her out of heaven,
And, with the lilies, when she played,
At dawn, or noon, or dew-dew even.

The mother dropped a tender kiss
Into the lilies' heart;
Dear Christ, she prayed, but grant me
this:
My child to live her life apart.

From sin, and sorrow born of sin;
Lilies which neither did nor spin,
Yet evermore to heaven turn.

When virgins with their tapers trimmed,
Ready the bridegroom's train to meet,
Their glowing cups forever brimmed
With perfume for the bridegroom's feet.

In her safe heaven the mother cared,
And where they count not time by hours,
She and a guardian angel shared
Love-vigils o'er the child and flowers.

So stood the lilies straight and tall,
And while by night and white by day,
I think they knew the love-call
Of that sweet little maid at play.

Who gave them quaint, old-fashioned
names—
Agnes and Blanche and Dorothy—
Oh! very proud and haughty dames,
Who, yet, she said, are good to me,
Margaret is daughter in Woman's
Home Companion.

Miss Grant's Lover.

Prince of Turin's Addresses Rejected
Through Her Father.

It seems curious that with all the talk
about the greed of titled foreigners Miss
Julia Grant, a dowdier girl, should have
had offers of marriage from two European
princes. The Prince of Turin would have
placed this American girl on a throne if
he could. But had he been successful in
his wooing of Miss Grant he would in
order to contract a binding marriage have
been obliged to renounce his expectations
to the throne of Italy. For the Prince to
have married an American would have
added another to the already too long list
of monarchs who have been obliged to
resign their crowns. The romance of
the affair is a pretty one and the way
the royal suitor took his course was
entirely manly. It was in Washington
that the Prince met his divinity—it was at
home in New York that he left his heart.
At the time of the meeting Miss Grant
was a guest of the Austro-Hungarian
legation. Among all the men she met there
none seemed to make any impression but
the Prince of Turin. It was love at first
sight on his part and he followed her to
New York, where it is said he made the
formal offer of his hand, title and estates.

When the matter was referred to General
then colonel Grant, he looked grave.
Investigation disclosed the fact that a
union with the Italian prince meant a
renunciation of the throne. Colonel Grant's
reply was prompt and decided. The prince
pleaded but he relented showed himself
to be no consideration of nuptials which
would necessitate the renunciation of his
throne for the Prince of Turin to
resign his right to the throne. Colonel
Grant intimated, so it is said, that that
was a matter on which the Italian gov-
ernment might have more to say than
the prince's lover. The prince then sailed
for his own land.

The prince from the czar's country whom
Miss Grant is now to marry will not have
to renounce his title, prerogative or po-
sition when he takes unto himself a wife,
and the decision of General Grant made
some years ago has had a happy sequel—
Chicago Times-Herald.

Women's Desks.

For the present the pretty, dainty desks
that women have taken a special delight
in for some time past are to be superseded
by a low writing table small enough to be
moved about in accordance with the light
or the writer's convenience, and all over
bladders, fancifully mounted, are to serve
as portable tops and the mounting of the
various accessories is expected to match
that of the blotter. Old French brocade,
edge with silk and with silk, are the
chosen materials. It is used very effectively
for mounting and framing purposes—
Brooklyn Eagle.

A Woman's View of Fascination.

"All men want three things: they want
to be understood; they want to be sym-
pathized with; they want to be liked. And
these three things we can give to many
men if we study their cases separately, and
if we have the patience and the tact.
We must listen to them when they want
to talk of the other woman; we must ad-
vise them when they ask for advice; we
must give them to understand that they
can do great things in this life; and if
they are literary men we must show a
genuine appreciation for their work, an
appreciation which may prove in some
cases to be an inspiration. We, on the
other hand, must not expect to be sym-
pathized with, because if we are clever enough
to make a man feel that he is much
cleverer than we are he is clever indeed.
Talk about Woman's Rights! We have all
the rights in the world, but they are not
on platforms and in clubs. They are be-
hind the throne and the throne is Man's.
In art, in literature and in life we can
control the men and their work if we
only know how to go about it. The ar-
tistic temperament is always on the look-
out for sensations and for psychological
experiments, and when a woman meets a
man of this type she has it all her own
way. If she has variety, tact and a certain
magnetic quality. She can have her love
affairs—any number of them—and she

My Vacation.

Give me some quiet, unknown spot,
Where I can lay me down,
Where the daily paper cometh not,
Far from the noisy town,
May never penetrate.

Oh, take me out where Nature's greens
Soothe my most restless state;
Let me go where the magazines
May never penetrate.

Remove me from the latest books,
From poets, wits and seers;
No more in culture's choicest nooks
May I shed wisdom's tears.

Take me away from sounding art,
From cleverness from brains;
From knowledge deep may I soon part,
And simulation's gains.

Monotonously let me lie
Unconscious the hours through
In utter dullness, so that I
May learn a thing or two.
—Tom Masson, in Life.

Earning Pin Money.

Women of Social Standing in England
Do Not Disdain the Nimble Sips.

The English society woman does not
hesitate to turn an honest penny in many
ways which women of equal standing in
other nations might consider laudable.
says a writer in Harper's Bazar. It is a
recognized fact that many a well-bred
dame has traded upon that station of life
in which Providence was pleased to place
her by selling the entries to the most ex-
traordinary drawing-rooms to such of her
rich countrywomen as desired to purchase
the privilege; also, the noble lady of im-
mortal fame would lend her name to the in-
vitations and her presence at the entertain-
ments of the socially ambitious woman
who is able to pay for the benefit to be
derived therefrom. Latterly many stories
have been told of some American women
who have thus gained a foothold upon the
social ladder of the English metropoli-
tan. Only this season it has been rumored
that Miss Astor was being chartered by
an impetuous countess of Scotch ex-
traction, who was to be reimbursed for
her time and trouble by the tidy sum of
£2,000. An easy way to pay one's tailor
bills has been devised by another mem-
ber of the British aristocracy, who has
allowed the aforementioned tailor to print
the following advertisement in a number
of fashion journals: Lady Mary Baskville
writes, saying she has been given a long-
waisted effect. This is an item to be re-
flected upon by such of our countrywomen
as had the pleasure of meeting Lady Mary
Baskville last winter while she was visit-
ing Mrs. George Gould, whose guest she
was for a few weeks, during which they
made a trip to Montreal.

Don't Flirt.

Remember that flirting is the badge of
a woman's inferiority. It is the survival
of the age when to secure a mate the wo-
man had to resort to such devices as the
lower creatures of wood and field employ
now. Among the arts and the attractions
of the modern woman it has no more
place than the wooden spears of our
primitive ancestors have beside our own
high-power rifles. Read how flirtation
began; look up what the evolutionists
say as to when it was first employed, and
you will not be tempted to indulge in
it. For the sake of your own self-respect
you will avoid it.

So it is that I advise you to guard sa-
credly every little expression of your af-
fection. Look upon them as the spun gold
in the web of your existence and treasure
up each thread for the garment of your
life's great happiness. To the true woman
love should be so sacred a thing that she will not trifles even with
its imagery. So shall she make her love
more highly prized by the one upon whom
it is finally bestowed. So shall she save
herself from heartache and regrets.

Don't flirt. It isn't worth your while.
Golf, tennis and bridge are much bet-
ter exercises for the heart and they leave
no unpleasant pangs behind—Demorest's
Magazine.

Betty's Chatelaine.

But on the sea that laps it round,
She wears a wondrous lot of things
All hanging in a row—
A pair of scissors closely clasped,
Beside the silver bow,
A powder box, and a large net,
Open a slender chain,
A quaint and dainty vinaigrette—
All on her chatelaine.

A bonbonniere's suspended there,
Likewise a mirror small;
And I can't see how it may be
That she can carry all;
But now she's sad, for she can't add—
Or so she does complain—
A single thing to play swing
Upon her chatelaine!

Court painter occupies a place
Next to a flask of scent;
A heart holds some beloved face
And forms an ornament;
A box for stamps, engagement book,
A card case, chain and plain—
Each has its own respective book
On Betty's chatelaine.

Yet she is vexed and quite perplexed
How to enrich her store,
Though hard she tries, to her surprise
She thinks up nothing more;
Ah, she forgets, and thus she frets
For something new to chain,
That it's but true I dangle too
Upon her chatelaine.
—Hobbs Sunday Herald.

They Mourn Their Lost Pocketbooks.

A woman who would invent a practical
pocket for the sex at the present mo-
ment would win permanent gratitude.
The inconvenience to which we are daily
subjected can hardly be detailed. Hand-
kerchiefs have to be carried up the sleeves
just as men have hitherto disposed of them
in their uniforms.

Our grandmothers would have none of
this; they carried their housewifely keys
in pockets stowed away under their
skirts, but we have borrowed from them
the small reticules and larger bags attach-
ed to the side of the skirt.

Neither of these plans is really conven-
ient, the pocket beneath the skirt nor the
detached bag, and the sooner we return to
the old comfortable dress pocket the bet-
ter—that is, a pocket placed where we can
get at it without unseemly struggles—
Queen.

Knew What Was Coming.

She—Reggie, dear, there is something of
the old-time love light in your eyes to-
night—something about you that reminds
me of those sweet days of long ago. I
hope you have—
He—Yes, I have a little left. How much
will let me out this time—ten or twenty?
—Columbia Journal.

"There is the horseless carriage," she
said, thoughtfully.

"Yes," he admitted.

"A wireless telegraph?"

"Yes."

"And chainless bicycles?"

"Yes."

"Wonder," she said with a sigh, "if it
ever will come to useless courtships."
Then he hastened to reassure her—
Chicago Post.

Shopping.

She screamed in terror when her purse
Was snatched from out her jeweled
bag.
And hurried a modest semi-curse
Toward the fleeing, bold brigand;
And when the copper caught the thief
She seized the purse with anxious air,
And breathed a sigh of sweet relief
To find her treasures all were there.

A penciled note
Her fellow wrote,
A sugar plum,
A wad of gum,
A hairpin (bent),
A cotton-wool
With broken crook,
A safety pin,
A curling tin,
A powder rag,
A sachet hair.

These were the treasures which she bore
Around with her from store to store
While on a shopping tour, to see
The many pretty things which she
Would love to buy if she but had
The cash, and with a smile so glad
It almost made the copper weep.
She thanked him, and with sprightly ease
Trapped on to seek another store
Or two where she could shop some more.

Delightful Salad Dressing.
Mash a slice of raw onion in the bottom
of a pint bowl, add two teaspoons of
sugar, half a teaspoon of salt, half a tea-
spoon of black pepper, and as much pow-
dered mustard. Stir all well over and
around the mashed onion, then pour
on half a teaspoon of brandy and stir
again. Now add oil and lime juice, al-
ternatively—one teaspoonful of juice to a
large tablespoon of oil. Put in lime juice
first and stir until completely blended,
then add the oil, a few drops at a time,
until you have five spoons of oil. Stir very
hard for three minutes, always the same
way round, then take out the onion, and
set the dressing on ice until needed.

Dressing for Fruit Salad.—Mix tea-
spoons sugar, half an ounce of salt, mix
well, then sprinkle thickly with grated nut-
meg, lemon peel and white ginger mixed.
Dust in cayenne pepper, or else add 10
drops of tabasco. Stir in well, a little at
a time, two tablespoonfuls of oil, and
alternatively, one tablespoonful of brandy
and lime juice mixed in equal proportions.
Stir until smooth and creamy, then add
more oil, putting it in a little at a time.
When four spoons are in and more brandy
little at a time, until you have five spoons of
oil and one of brandy. Stir very hard for
three minutes, always the same way
round, then take out the onion, and set
the dressing on ice until needed.

Dressing for Vegetables.—Dip 2 eggs 20
minutes, mash the yolks smooth in a
bowl with sugar, salt, mustard, and a
few drops of onion juice; then beat in a
little oil, and stir until smooth. Add a
teaspoonful of vinegar, and a little of
pepper vinegar—that is, vinegar in which
pepper has been soaked; use one-fourth as
much vinegar as oil and enough of both to
make up the quantity to half a pint; stir hard, always the same
way, and keep cool. Before bottling it add
the asparagus sprinkle the stalks, which
have been boiled barely tender, and allow
to cool, rather thickly with grated cheese.
For beans or beets the cheese is best omit-
ted.

Country Salad Dressing.—Yolks of 6
hard-boiled eggs, mashed very smooth
with a little of elder vinegar and half a
pint of clear melted butter; beat all un-
til smoothly blended, then sprinkle in
some of cream, and a heaping teaspoon
of salt and a quarter spoon of red and
black pepper; at the very last stir in a
cup of finely chopped celery mixed with
a very little parsley, a suspension of on-
ion, and a very little white cabbage cut
very fine. Use for cold meat or vegeta-
ble salads. Is best made just before it
is required.—Boston Globe.

To Have White Hands.

Every woman can have pretty hands, no
matter whether she is compelled to do her
own housework or not. Washing the
hands in a little mild water and then
rinsing them well is the best for clean-
ing them after handling substances with
an unpleasant odor. A lemon bath, too,
is a delightful luxury for both the hands
and face and gives the skin an exhalant
scent of creaminess and smoothness. In
short, the lemon is a cure for nearly all
the ills that the summer woman's com-
plexion is heir to, and she who has not
adopted it will do well to do so immedi-
ately.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Black Oak and Brass.

With the Dutch oak furniture so much
used now for libraries, brass candlesticks
and writing accessories are effective and
appropriate. Immense candlesticks with
wide, high rimmed basins and low rock-

ets of hammered brass are sold for \$1.50
and \$2. A great ring or a curious twist
of metal serves as a handle. An odd brass
hook with a hook's head, the top of which
can be thrown back, disclosing the glass
well within. Old-time lanterns with sides
of fretted brass, pen trays, sealing sets
with taper holders, snuffers, etc., brass
stationery boxes with mirrors let in the
top and sides, letter scales, stamp boxes
as massive and heavy as small treasure
caskets or snuff-boxes, are all found in
richly wrought metal. An escritoire cov-
ered entirely with repousse brass and
paneled with mirrors is an oddity shown
in one of the smart shops.—Commercial
Advertiser.

Cupid and the Nurses.

So neat,
So sweet,
So light of feet,
The quite a pleasure to be ill.
So gentle hand,
So docile hand,
Preparing plaster, powder, pill.

So slim,
So trim,
So little of limb,
It reconciles me to be sick.
Such gentle grace,
Such girlish grace
(I fear I'll convalesce too quick).

Such wit,
Such wit,
I'll mount a bit,
I'll make her think that I'm in pain.
I must contrive,
As I'm alive,
To have my forehead bathed again.

The dear,
So neat,
I'll gain her ear,
I'll vow I won't be fured to life,
Unless she's sure
That when the cure
Becomes complete she'll be my wife.

Those Christmas Presents.

It was a hot day, and the ducks and
water-pigeons looked fondly at the pump,
while the tree-lark shrieked for rain in his
most unalloyed way.
Still she pined her needle on the honey-
suckle porch as if her life depended upon
speed. She was working on a sofa cush-
ion with night and maul, and the per-
spiration dripped from her brow as she
fashioned rose and heliotrope on the back
of the envelope of raw silk that was later
to be studded with pine needles and
halsam.

"I should think," said her husband,
"that you would take it easy, and not be
working yourself to death, in this roasting
hot midsummer weather. It is about
midday, in the shade now, and what you
should really be thinking about is a cake
of ice to rest your head on, and not a sofa
pillow."
"I know it," she acquiesced, pleasantly,
"but I want to finish this, and there is too
much work on it yet. I have got to put a
deer under this tree, and then there is a
lot of detail to be put into the background
that I have not yet begun."

"But what's your object in working on
it in this hot weather? Can't you wait
until winter?"
"No, I cannot."
"Why don't you work on it at night,
when it is cool?"

"Because it would ruin my eyes."
"Then why don't you wait until Sep-
tember, when the refreshing breezes of
early autumn stir the golden-rod and
spray the thistle o'er the misty mere?"
"Because in the early autumn I want
to play golf and tennis. It is too hot to play
those games with pleasure now, and
that's why I am going to put all this
hot summer in on sewing and embroidery."

Her husband seemed more puzzled than
ever. He watched her with an amused
air as she caused flower and vine and
spring into a luscious and willowy exis-
tence beneath the magic of her snowy
fingers. Then he said:
"How long will it take you to finish it?"
"Till to-morrow night."
"Then why don't you take a week at it,
and not rush yourself?"
"Because I have others to make."
"Don't make any for me, my dear. I
won't have one at such a price. Play
golf and tennis in the fall, and out ice-
cream and ice in a hammock now, instead
of making them for me."
"But I am not making them for you, ex-
cept in one sense to save you money."
"To save me money by killing yourself?"
In this hot weather? Why, really, I don't
understand you."

And then she replied, as she moved her
brow: "I am just working on these dur-
ing this stupid hot weather to have a lot
of Christmas presents out of the way
before the lovely autumn comes. Each

MISS EMMA N. HUME.



Miss Emma Hume, of Washington, is one of the favored girls at the White
this season. She has glorious eyes, and is a dainty little maiden. Her father is
the popular nominee for the Legislature from Alexandria, and has been a repre-
sentative several times before. Miss Hume is a popular girl. She was the sponsor
for the District of Columbia at the Confederate Remin at Charleston, S. C.,
and is a representative Southern girl, full of bright wit.

one will take the place of a present that
would cost probably two dollars and a half
and my time."—L. K. Munkittrick, in
Harper's Bazar.

She Who is to Come.

A woman—in so far as she beholds
Her own beloved's face;
A mother—with a great heart that en-
dureth;
The children of the race;
A body, free and strong, with that high
beauty;
That comes of perfect use, is built there-
of;
A mind where Reason rules over Duty,
And Justice reigns with Love;
A self-faith, royal soul, brave, wise and
true;
No longer blind and dumb;
A human being, of an unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Woman's Quick Tact.

The following story from Success illus-
trates a woman's quick tact in an em-
ergency. It is about a college president,
who is a great gardener and wears a glass
eye. One day this college president, it
being summer and he on his vacation,
rushed in from the garden all soiled and
sweated and without his glass eye. His
wife was seated with a caller of impor-
tance. She perceived the special unfor-
tunate of her husband's condition and im-
mediately said to him: "John go at once to
the library and tell your master Mrs.
— wishes to see him." He went and
soon reappeared, clothed, eyed and in his
right mind. This college president, it is
plain, is himself a man of presence of
mind. There are plenty of men who, con-
fronted by such a remark of genius as
this, would have started and faltered out:
"But, my dear—" and spoiled it all.

Rash Woman.

A woman tried in our town
Who thought that she was wise,
She jumped into a bargain sale—
She scratched out both her eyes.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

New Gifts for Bridesmaids.

There is, as a general rule, a lamenta-
ble sameness and monotony about the
modest presents, brooches and bangles
which stock tickets among ordinary mor-
tals.
Ten years ago, when the duke of Port-
land married, his bride's attendants
were recompensed for their willing ser-
vice with truly dual splendor, each
maid receiving an exquisite gold watch
and bangle, with pale blue enamel face,
set in a ring of diamonds.
At the Shaftesbury-Gravener wedding
last week the fortunate bridesmaids were
recompensed with quaint green enamel
bangles ornamented with the bride's initials
in turquoise and pearls. The dresses were
made without collars, and folds of soft
white tulle were passed through the
charming old world "slides," which held
it tightly drawn round the throat.—Gen-
tlewoman.

Sweets to the Hostess.

It is rumored that the contingent who
are constantly invited to house parties at
Newport and Lenox are adopting a fad
started by Parisiennes last spring, during
the chateaux visiting season. The sum-
mer thing to do before one starts is to
leave an order for a brooch, brooch, or
in town for a certain number of boxes of
certain favorite sweets, nougat, marrons,
glaces, etc. The number of pounds in a
box is decided by the size of the house
party, each guest being apprised of the
names of those invited. Very choice and
delectable foreign preserves or jams are
also on the list, and if one could order a
never-before-tasted fruit, something so
delicious as it was novel, that too, is per-
missible. This is intended as a delicate
attention to the hostess in return for her
charming invitation, and gives a little
pleasurable recreation to the different
boxes arrive from town to the company
assembled, and creates a little merriment
at the same time—New York Commercial
Advertiser.

Must Stick Together.

"Which do you love most—your papa
or your mamma?"
Little Charlie—I love papa most.
Charlie's mother—Why, Charlie, I am
surprised at you. I thought you loved me
most.
Charlie—Can't help it, mamma; we men
have to hold together.—Exchange.

Foreshadowed.

"I'm sure papa will overtake you," she
exclaimed anxiously as they headed for
the nearest justice of the peace.
"Don't worry," he replied confidently,
"I took the precaution to remove the
electric battery from his automobile be-
fore we left."—Chicago Post.

A little girl had just returned from At-
lantic City.
"Did you enjoy yourself?" they asked.
"Yes, indeed. I had Manila ice-cream
nearly every day."—Pittsburg Chronicle-
Telegraph.

I Never Go Shopping Early in the Morn-

ing.
"Why not?"
"That is the time when the shop girls
are busy telling each other their dreams."
—Chicago Record.

Sod Knoweth Best

If we could push afar the gates of life
And stand within and all God's work-
ings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and
strife
And for each mystery could find a key!
But not to-day. Then be content, poor
heart!
God's plans, like lilies pure and white,
unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves
Of such pictures, spread them out.
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach
the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed,
may rest,
When we shall clearly know and under-
stand,
I think that we will say, "God knew
the best!"
—Lawton (Mc) Journal.

The New Walk

It Looks Like the Beginning of a Song
and Dance.
From Paris comes news that the "new
walk" there does not entail a swinging of
the hips and long, loping steps, like those
affected by the girls who follow in Mrs.
Carver's erratic footsteps. The new Paris-
ian walk is designed "to display to the
utmost the beauty of the clinging tunic
and flower-like skirt." The gait is easy to
imitate, but much easier to exaggerate.
One must walk slowly, take extremely
short steps, and spring well on the ball
of the foot.
"The models who display the new gowns
at the dressmakers have exaggerated the
gait in the most ludicrous fashion. As
they come toward one they appear to be
doing a curious dance, and one is remind-
ed of certain high-stepping horses that
take an hour to get round the park." The
truth is that one cannot hurry in the
new walk, and it is impossible
for the street.—Philadelphia Times.

An Amusing Game.

An amusing game for the pastime of
either old or young can be made from the
funny pictures and snail cartoons appear-
ing in the newspapers and weeklies. Cut
out the funniest ones, the titles to which
have a double meaning, and paste the
titles cut from each picture upon separate
tags. When you have a goodly number of
tags, with their titles, spread them on a
table before the players, shunt the tags
with the various titles to the pictures and
distribute an even number of them to all
playing. The player who uses up his tags
first, giving the names to the proper pic-
tures, wins the game. This may seem an
easy thing to do, but the queer names are
misleading and seem suitable to other pic-
tures before the comic ideas of the pic-
tures are understood. Simpler pictures
may be selected for younger players. But
the game is certain to be accompanied by
hard thinking and laughable mistakes,
besides developing skill in giving names
to pictures.—Boston Transcript.

If Truth Were Known.

"What a bewitching little thing your
piece, Miss Mabel, is!" declared the prim
old beaver. "She is so old and animated—
a charming little box of surprises."
"Hooray! What a time I've had!" said
Mabel, after he had gone. "These shoes
are so tight they nearly killed me. I was
simply writhing in agony, couldn't keep
still a minute!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Fair Proposal.

"Are you able to support my daughter?"
asked the old gentleman. "You know,
she has pretty expensive tastes, and I
don't mind saying that the burden has
been pretty hard for me at times."
"That's just the point," exclaimed the
prospective benedict. "If I marry her we
can divide the expense."—Chicago Post.

Her Idea of Haste.

Husband (at home)—Did you post
that letter I gave you?
Wife (back from hurried shopping tour)
—No; I forgot it until the last minute.
"It was very important."
"O, it's all right! I gave it to a little
boy who promised to give it to another
little boy, whose half-uncle lives next
door to a postman."—Silly Stories.

Not Choler.

Flossie—Mamma, I want some water to
clean my face.
Mamma—No, dear, it is wrong, you
know.
Flossie—Well, then, I want some wax
to waxinate her. She's old enough now
to have something done to her.—Ex-
change.

A Rhetorical Fortune.

She—You represented